STATE NOTES.

Terence J. Brady's eight-year-old son died on Sunday at Bayonne. He was hit on the head with a baseball bat on Saturday while playing ball. The blow is supposed to have been an accident.

Francis Lingo, of Camden, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Miller, was on Tuesday refused a new trial, and the case will be taken to the Supreme Court. Judge Garrison favored the new trial, and it is thought the Supreme Court will sustain his views.

State Dairy Commissioner George W. McGuire states that the oleomargarine men are getting ready to unload considerable bogus butter on the seashore hotels. He has found considerable of the stuff in Atlantic City, and is sure that some of the hotel keepers are being imposed on, as the goods are being sold as the genuine article, and the packages are not marked as the law requires.

William Cavanaugh, coachman for William A. Street of New York, was driving near the railroad track at Seabright on Tuesday, when the horses were frightened by a locomotive and ran away. Cavanaugh was caught in the reins and dragged over the railroad ties for over 100 feet. He was frightfully injured about the head, and is not expected to live.

Miss Ella Thomas, matron at the State Reform School, is dangerously ill from injuries received a little over a week ago while petting a tame gray squirrel. The animal had been injured by one of the inmates of the institution, and is supposed to have been made mad by the pain which it suffered. Miss Thomas was caressing the squirrel, when it suddenly turned and bit her on the forefinger of the right hand. The wound was considered trifling and was not treated. It grew rapidly worse, however, and has resulted in such a serious case of blood poisoning that her death is expected.

Ex-Judge Rufus F. Harrison, of Roseland, celebrated the seventy-third anniversary of his birth, on the 7th inst., by a reunion of his children and relatives at the homestead in Roseland. About fifty were present and the Judge, despite his advancing years, was as lively as the youngest in the gathering. Guests were present from Orange, Caldwell, Roseland, Newark, Bloomfield and Montclair. Judge Harrison was formerly intimately identified with Essex County affairs and represented for one term the old Assembly district in the State Legislature. His health is still good.

Edwin A. Pratt, of New York, associate counsel for Miss Lucy Gardner, recently convicted of larceny from Stern Bros., lagher was conveyed. The unfortunate man was married seventeen months ago; nine months ago he was taken ill with consumption, and his spirits became so depressed that he made the effort to kill himself.

The closing exhibition and prize competition of the ladies' gymnasium class of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Oranges was held last Wednesday afternoon. Nearly two hundred women were present. The competition was in Indian club swinging, dumb bells, marching evolutions, flying rings and the vaulting horse. There were twenty-five in the class. The first prize was won by Miss Helen Freeman with 96 points out of a possible 100; second prize by Miss Helen Freeman with 95 points, and third by Miss Marion Herbert with 83 points.

Catherine Costello, a woman who weighed over 400 pounds, was found dead in bed on Monday at her home in Jersey City. She was buried Wednesday. Her coffin measured twenty-six inches at the shoulders, and nine men had all they could do to carry the body out of the house. Her husband, Patrick Costello, was drunk, and did not go to the funeral. Wednesday night he was found dead in bed by one of his neighbors, who stopped to see him after returning from the funeral.

They Overlooked Wine-Sauce.

The rain falls on the just and on the unjust, especially if the weather bureau says it is going to be a clear day; so the most praiseworthy enterprises encounter difficulties the same as enterprises which ought to fail entirely. There comes from the town of Shelton, Conn., a story which illustrates this to perfection.

There is in Shelton a Ladies' Aid Society, made up of members of the Shelton Methodist Episcopal Church. The object of this society is not only to foster and encourage the deserving, albeit lightly-clothed heathen, in distant lands, but it has gone so far in the past on several occasions as to aid certain poor folks living in one of the back streets of Shelton itself. It is an excellent society and its plans ought to prosper; but mark the inexorableness of fate. A few weeks ago the Aid Society published a cook-book, one of those neat, oil-cloth-covered volumes which do so much to raise the rate of mortality among young husbands. It was compiled in behalf of the society by Mrs. Tucker and Mrs. Wilkinson, two prominent Shelton ladies, and was immediately pronounced an excellent work of its kind, all of the receipts having been tested in advance by the two ladies and found innocuous. These receipts ranged from salt-rising bread to mysterious dishes with long French names full of hyphens, apostrophes, accented letters and so forth. The book was hard

An Awe-Inspiring

In all of the change of v... prevalent among the clergy ... tending toward greater liber... idea as to the future punish... gratifying to see that no ... predicted any milder future ... liar. The prospective port... liar is pretty definitely sta... Writ, and we do not believ... is anybody who wants to ... fied. There is no greater ... society than the liar. His b... not attract the attention ... demnation accorded to th... burglar or of the highway ... they do a vastly greater amo... How beautiful a thing is ... and how rare! Usually the ... whom we know as liars, ... least, thoughtless rather ... In a sorry attempt to be hu... forget the duty they owe to ... vice grows upon its hapless victims. From being, perhaps, good citizens, respected by all who know them, they gradually sink into common liars, undermining society and exerting peculiarly hurtful influence upon the mind of youth. The liar should be legislated against the same as the lightning-rod agent.

While speaking on this painful subject it is our sad duty to announce the appearance of one of the most colossal lies of recent years. It comes from Nebraska, and is a cold, plain lie without an extenuating circumstance. We repeat it only that we may denounce it and the man who tells it. His name is Thomas, and he is said to be an Alliance man with Congressional aspirations. He would be a very dangerous man to have in Congress. The story which he tells is this: He has a farm on the Missouri River bottom, near Elk Valley. A week ago the river began to rise and he saw that his land would all be submerged. He transferred his family and also his stock and movable property to higher ground. Here begins the lie, if, indeed, the farm, family and property are not fictitious. There was on his farm, so he says, exactly two miles of barbed-wire fence. It was five-wire fence and there were thirty-two barbs to the rod, or a grand total of 102,400 barbs. Yet this industrious liar and the other no less enterprising prevaricator, the hired man, baited every one of these barbs with a small bit of meat. They finished and escaped to the bluffs just as the water came up. For twenty-six hours the water remained five feet above the top of the fence. Then the river receded and the hardened and disreputable man Thomas went down and examined his fence. He found, so he has the assurance to say, a fish hanging from every barb except three, or 102,398 in all. There were pickerel, bass, perch, suckers and many other varieties. They averaged ... nt, giving ... 1,023,960 ... harged the ... t properly ... failed to ...

...pron. ... staying in ...session a ...le in Eng... ree Masons ... centuries ...en inches ...e kid. On ... on which ...person of a ... the centre ...omary Ma... compass, ...both points ...suggestive, ...n "entered ...ght side of ... left hand ...e is in the ...upposed to ...pified by a ... the apron, ...t the hand ...ght hand is ... ornamented ...on. Unfor... ...pped of its ...o whom it ...figures and ...e executed ... is beauti... r that each ...ctly seen. ... preserved, ... its original ... ...er of such ... in question ...faster and ...ge, No. 154, ... England, in ... his family ...aced on ex... ...ic lodges in ... was sup... its kind in ... attract... among Free ... apron was ...sers, but he ...s said that ...minent Ma... guineas for ... was declin... ...hy proper... ...n deeds for ... the Young ...f that city. ...proceeds ...hall have ...erection of ...ation.

Adventure of a Sagacious Mule.

Mollie, an old piebald mule, had a remarkable adventure in Cincinnati. Her owner, Charles Cole, had led her into the stable yard. Suddenly the treacherous earth caved in and buried the animal under a mass of rock and dirt twenty feet high. Cole escaped falling into the pit. An hour later the exhausted mule showed her head 200 feet away at the mouth of a sewer only two and one-half feet in diameter. She was assisted in emerging from the sewer. She had been almost skinned alive. Her rough hide was seamed and dotted with numberless gashes from which the blood flowed. Great bruises appeared on her sides and abdomen, while her legs were so strained that she could hardly stand.

Nevertheless Mollie was very much alive, as she betrayed by a "Yee-haw-w!" of triumph and a nonchalant twirl of her short tail. The animal had emerged in a ravine near Gilbert avenue. Her trip through the rock bound sewer was somewhat aided by the downward slope of the channel and by the slight stream of water which lubricated the masonry of the lower side. Nevertheless, Mollie's escape was a most surprising one, and probably never equalled in the line of animal adventure. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Salvation Army and the Crusades.

It is obvious that if we would find any analogy for the growth and force of this movement of the Salvation Army, we must go back to the enthusiasm exerted by the preaching of the Crusades, to the work of Francis and Dominic in founding the mendicant orders, to the Protestant Reformation, to the preaching of George Fox, or to the growth of Wesleyanism at the close of the last century. Further, no attentive student of early church history can fail to see many striking points of analogy between the methods adopted and the results achieved by the Salvation Army and those which astonished and disgusted the pagan world in the rapid success attained by the early missionaries of the Christian church.—Archdeacon Farrar in Harpers.

Various Hues.

Every once in a while the African mind will evolve an expression that has a wealth of grotesque poesy in it. An elderly man who is employed about one of the public buildings in this city was heard to remark:

"I dunno what I'se gwine ter do for close foh all ob my family?"

"Have you a large family, uncle?" said one of the clerks in a quizzical tone.

"Deed I is—seben chillun."

"Are they all the same color as you?"

"No, sah; dey' varies, rangin' all de way f'um dusk ter midnight."—Washington Post.

AT THE CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian.

Services at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Preaching by the Pastor, the Rev. H. W. Ballantine. Sunday-school at 12 M. Strangers always welcome.

Westminister Presbyterian.

The Rev. Geo. A. Paull will preach at 10.30 and 7.30. Evening subject, "The Village Morality." Young Peoples' Prayer Meeting at 6.45 P. M. Strangers always welcome.

German Presbyterian.

Communion services will be held in the German Presbyterian Church to-morrow and new members will be taken in.

Park Methodist Episcopal.

Preaching by the Pastor at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2.30 P. M. Epworth League Prayer Meeting at 6.45 P. M. Children's Hour, Tuesday, at 3.45 P. M.

Watsessing Methodist Episcopal.

Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Evening subject: "Temperance and the Church." Class-meeting at noon; Sunday-school at 2.30. Young People's Meeting at 6.45.

First Baptist.

Morning sermon at 10.30. Subject: "God's Thoughts About Our Children," a sermon to parents. In the evening at 7.30 the Sunday-school Anniversary will be held. A Young Men's Prayer Meeting will be held in the Lecture-room on Sunday evening at 6.45.

Glen Ridge Congregational.

Regular service at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday-school at 3 o'clock. Society of Christian Endeavor at 7.15 P. M. In the evening the Pastor, the Rev. Frank J. Goodwin, will give the second of a course of lectures on the Bible. Subject: "The History of the Canon and the Grounds of Faith in the Scriptures."

Christ Episcopal.

Services to-morrow at Christ Church, Liberty Street and Austin Place: Holy Communion, 8 A. M.; Morning Prayer and Sermon, 10.30; Sunday-school, 3 P. M.; Evening Prayer and Sermon, 7.30.

Every Friday afternoon at five o'clock the rector, the Rev. R. S. Carlin, will hold a Bible Talk. All are invited to attend.

Silver Lake Chapel.

Mr. Joseph B. Maxfield will conduct the services at Silver Lake Chapel to-morrow evening at 7.45.

He Deserves the Honor.

At a convention of the Royal Arcanum Lodges of this State held in Newark on Tuesday Charles E. McDowell of this town and a member of Bloomfield Council, was elected Grand Regent of the state for the year. Mr. McDowell has been and is to-day a hard worker in the organization, and the honor he received was in every way deserving.

THE NUTLEY GHOST.

Some months ago Franklin township purchased for a park and school ground a large block in the very heart of the town. The block is mostly what is known as "medderland." In the middle of it stands the old Duncan homestead, a great rambling wooden house, with a little colony of barns and workshops and storehouses huddled behind it. At the easterly end is the school-house. It used to be a factory, and it doesn't look any too academic now; but it is to be beautiful when ampelopsis and things get to climbing over it, and when the trees that were planted on Arbor day grow big enough to overshadow it with their spreading limbs. Just now the trees are rather small and few of them spread much more than a walking stick, but still everybody notices them. They are planted out according to a design which is generally admitted to be a miracle of ingenuity and novelty in the landscape gardening line. This diagram will give a clear idea of the way the tree plantation looks now:

1	1	1	1	1
tree.	tree.	tree.	tree.	tree.
1	1	1	1	1
tree.	tree.	tree.	tree.	tree.
1	1	1	1	1
tree.	tree.	tree.	tree.	tree.

It is to the street in front of this classic grove that the Nutley man who owns a revolver betakes himself these pleasant evenings. Stealthily, with beating heart and nervous footsteps, he creeps up to within a hundred feet of the sidewalk, draws his weapon with a trembling hand, shivers, and fires into the soft May night, cutting great gashes in the atmosphere. Then he turns and flees, proud but frightened. The idlers come out of the tavern in little groups, and peer timorously into the darkness. "Somebody's seen the ghost again," they say, and they go back and call for applejack.

When the ghost was first seen it was only a plain, ordinary ghost—a tall, white-sheeted figure. Now it is a great column of misty whiteness, ten or twelve feet high, with great, hollow black eyes—if those eyes are half as big as the eyes of little Furze, the boy who last told of seeing it—they must be very big eyes indeed. Of course, bullets go right through the ghost—and, equally of course, everybody is emptying his revolver among the school house trees. No one of these trees would be an easy mark; but some of them must get hit in the fusillade that is poured in among them every night by the ghost-killers. As to human life, it would not be worth sixpence in that ghost-haunted and bullet-perforated plantation.

But there is some incredulity mingled with the fearful pride with which Nutley regards its ghost. The spirit of real estate speculation fills every Jerseyman's breast, and the Nutley folk are notably interested in what is generally called "reelstate"—in two syllables, if you please. Therefore, there is some fear that the ghost may turn out to be only an advertising adjunct of one of the local agencies, and that when he has drawn a large enough crowd to one of his soirées he may fly away with an unearthly shriek, disclosing "Eligible Villa Sites—High, Dry and Healthy," or "Four Markets—Excellent Schools," or "Buy a Home—The Never-Failing Savings Bank," or some similar sentiment printed in large letters of flame on his ghostly, sulphurous coat-tails.—*Sunday Call.*

William Tell may be a myth, as the Swiss government now maintains; but the people of that republic keep on putting up statues of him. A fine one in bronze has been offered to the city of Lausanne by a Portuguese Jew now living in Paris, M. Osiris Illa; but the citizens are uncertain whether they ought to accept it or not, as the would-be donor does not enjoy the highest reputation. The city of Nancy, in France, however, took without hesitation last year his gift of a statue of Joan of Arc.

Charles Wesley, 12 years old, was fatally injured on Saturday night at Elizabeth, while trying to catch a ride on a coal train. His foot slipped off the car and he fell under the wheels. One leg was cut off and another leg and arm were crushed. He died after being removed to the Elizabeth Hospital.

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